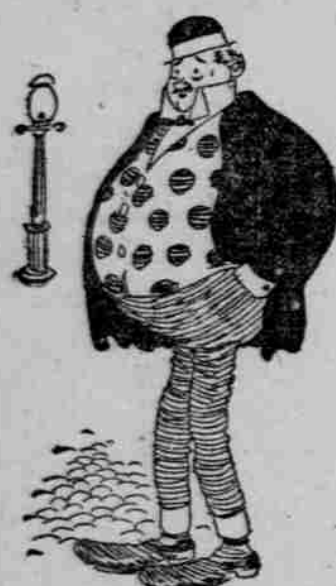


Some Of the Best Of the Younger Giants Who Are "Making Good"



What Benjamin
SAYS



Somebody asked me the question: "Can the salt sea?" and I replied: "No, but the oil can." That hasn't anything to do with baseball, but I'll leave it to my fan friend Alphabetical Elyse if it wasn't a good one.

Indian Polo Team Coming.

News has been received in England that the maharajah of Cooch Behar is organizing a polo team to visit England this season and afterward to come on to America. The maharajah is a keen player and patron of polo and sometimes runs a family team at Calcutta composed of himself and three of his sons. He has not played in London since the nineties, but his eldest son and heir, the rajah kumar of Cooch Behar, was a member of the Oxford team that won the international match at Hurlingham in 1901.

Removal Sale begins Monday.
Snyder Jewelry Co., 208 Texas.

Sportlet S

By Tim

Don't worry. Jeff must be all right now. He went fishing yesterday.

Harbuck's Huskies hit the train today for sunny Cananea. They will play there today and Sunday. Hold your breath.

Portland by great skill in making errors donated the game to San Francisco Friday. Nice of Port.

That referee question for the big fight soon will make a lot of talk. Berger has gone to San Fran on the matter.

Denver took the fourth straight game of the season from Omaha Friday. Weaver did some heavy stick work.

Application of H. M. Yount to be declared a free agent was Friday denied by the national commission. Yount will have to stick with Aurora. Awful disgrace that.



BECKERS



PARSONS



SCOTT



KEIDER



ZACHER

Sport Gossip About All Sorts Of Sports and Things

By
T. G.
Turner

I AIN'T NO FAN.

When I go out upon the street, A chance acquaintance there to meet, He says: "Hey, what's the latest score?" And then I puff around and roar: "I ain't no fan!"

When in a street, say I would ride, There sitting by my side, Is one who asks: "Say, how's the game?" In answer: "Brute, have you no shame?" "I ain't no fan!"

And I doubt not, that when I go To heaven up, or hell below, I still will hear, "Who won the game?" But I will howl out just the same: "I ain't no fan!"

And if by doing so I lose All chance of heaven I rather choose To drop below and there to stay Far better than to have to say: "Six and six."

"It is as sport to a fool to do mischief,"—Proverbs, 10:23. / By the way, what is sport, anyway? It is a very unscientific sort of term—sport—that is it?

Some persons with more brains than

muscle call it sport to sit for 48 hours and indulge in no more exercise than tossing cards on a table and now and then saying, "Pray do."

Others refer to sport like this: Take a stick and knock a ball out into the landscape. Then walk after the ball until your caddy finds it, and your appetite for a Scotch high is properly worked up. Then hit the ball again and so on, ad infinitum.

Others: It is sport to watch two men stand up and punch one another until the least in strength (it seldom is science) falls to the floor, with his nose bleeding and a couple of floating ribs wrecked.

Still others: Sport is its truest sense consists in sitting in the sun and watching nine men throw a ball around a vacant lot, while a tenth man occasionally hits the ball and then runs as if catching a train.

Many contend: Sport consists in reading in a newspaper how a number of horses ran around in a circle at some place 300 miles distant.

So sport, after all is only sport through the individual telescope. What is sport for some is pain for others, and what is pain for some is sport for others.

Fresh from lion killing, storming of Paris, bombarding of Rome, Theodore I. will make next conquest of the air. That is it Theodore is game.

Aeronaut Lee S. Stevens, member of the Aero club, has announced his intention of inviting the conquering expedition to take a ride in his ship. Stevens has suggested to make the affair of national interest by a special program of events on the club grounds.

Now, according to Stevens, all the club members are highly enthusiastic about the matter. But yet it is to be learned just how enthusiastic Roosevelt becomes. Lion killing is one thing, and ballooning another. But it's all sport.

Quoth big Jim J.: "It's hell I say. To punch this bag, all day, this way." Quoth trainer B.: "I disagree."

"Take my punch, keep up the punch, or you the bag will be."

Prize fight press agency has been guilty of many crimes. A suffering public long has endured mere dope. Can it be that the sporting public likes it? Maybe, lack a day!

This Jeffries training line of meaningless matter is a good example. There have been many weeks of it, and after all nobody knows more today than at the beginning. All that is sure is that Jeffries is training at some place nobody ever heard about. That alone is news.

First in importance is the clever way the agent keeps the public worrying. To begin with, big Jeff lost a leg—or was it an arm—in an accident. That was denied. Then all breathed of relief. Next big Jeff was worried about his wife, and would not train. They his wife recovered and all went well.

More recently, big Jeff broke out—not as a convict does—but all over his big, broad back. Horrors! Has big Jeff the measles, or is it the smallpox? Neither, he has bughouse blood. Ah, that's better, but still bad.

And this week—sad to relate—big Jeff awoke one morning to find a hole on his neck. Of all things, a hole, and of all places, on the neck! It is feared that the hole will cause the postponement of the big battle. Pierce!

or even believe this last, this newest worry story. Big Jeff suffering from the curse of thought? What? Thought? Never!

What's the matter with El Paso? Can no sport besides baseball live for more than a night? What is it?

El Paso has the talent in many lines. El Paso had a man who could have shown them something at the recent Southwestern Bowling congress. But did he show them? No! There was no organization of bowlers to send him, and he couldn't afford to go at personal tax.

El Paso has many patrons of table sports. Willie Hoppe came to El Paso once and door receipts were hardly enough to buy Willie an ice cream.

Harbuck's Husky Heroe

No. 8.
Dutch Flick, ss.
By Tim.

Twenty years ago on a South Dakota ranch was born Carl Flick, the only moonshiner shoe shortstop in any league. May 12 was the happy date, and because that is the month of green goods, Carl, by trade is a vegetable shipper. What could be more romantic, Carriest?



DUTCH FLICK

But first Dutch is a ball player, and he does not deny it. From grammar school, through high school to college Carl was a ball player all the time. He played second for St. Vincent's college at Los Angeles. The year 1908 found him playing with Takoma of the Northwestern league, still at the second sack.

To Sure Eczema

First, stop scratching. Itch! Itch! Itch! Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! Eczema is maddening. Your skin is on fire, but the more you scratch the more intense becomes the agony of it. Stop scratching! It will never relieve you—it cannot cure you—it only makes things worse. Whether you, your child or a member of your family is suffering with Eczema or any skin disease apply Little's Liquid Sulphur Compound at once. Stops itching instantly and is a guaranteed cure for any and all skin diseases, rashes, pimples, sores, prickly heat, etc. Sample bottle sent postpaid to any address for 10c. Rhuma-Sulphur Co., 407 N. 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo.

soda. Wrestlers have come and gone, disgusted with prospects. Matches have been staged to no avail. Lack of organization is the principal reason. Other cities have athletic clubs. El Paso has none, practically nothing. Only baseball lives, and that not properly supported. Golf at the Country club for the few ends the matter. Why is it?

Dispatches tell of the organization at Omaha of an athletic club. They are going to build a clubhouse, best of Omaha's business men behind the project. Nearly every city of 50,000 in the north and east has some such organization. True, in many cases boxing forms the principal drawing card, but that does not injure anybody. Proper management makes boxing and wrestling as harmless as baseball.

Where is El Paso's sporting blood. Oh, where?

Nation through lawn tennis players are making trim for what promises to be the most successful season of the lively sport. As a starter those wonderful Californians, Maurice F. McLoughlin and Melville H. Long, are going east this season to play through all of the important tournaments right up to the national championship at Newport. They learned the ways of the eastern stars last year, and believe they can take the honors back to the Pacific coast.

The Californians undoubtedly have hard work before them. Anthony F. Wilding, the great Australian, is to play in this country. Possibly the English cup team of challengers may be at Newport, for it is pretty certain at present that the team named by England will cross the Atlantic again to try for the blue ribbon of the courts.

William A. Larned, the national champion in singles, and Frederick B. Alexander and Harold H. Hackett, the doubles holders, seem to be in for the trial of their lives.

The figure westerners are to cut in national lawn tennis promises to set a new standard for the game. Since their achievement in arranging the Clay court championship of the United States, after the hottest controversy ever known in the sport, they declare the tournament will surpass that at Newport in every respect. The tournament will be held on the courts of the Kansas City club. Probably a match will be arranged with the national winner at Newport to demonstrate the merits of the Clay court and turf games.

Shotputter and broad jumper Clarence C. Little, captain of the 1910 track team of Harvard, is causing much joy over his recent record. Little is a former intercollegiate champion, and now he has started something in the broad jump line.

Little did some broad jumping last year, and while not in the class with many college broad jumpers, he made a good showing during the spring. He began to practice in the jumping pits as soon as the weather allowed this spring, and has been at it every day since. At first his efforts were not noticeable, but gradually he was able to go farther and farther, until last week he went nearly 22 feet.

The great surprise came recently when Little was practicing on Soldiers' field in the jumping pits with Gregory and several others. In one of his tries he cleared 22 feet 3 inches, and passed the mark made by any Harvard man for several years. Little tried again and cleared 22 feet 2 inches.

This mark won the jump in the Harvard-Yale dual meet last year and seems likely to get a place in the intercollegiate. Coach Quinn is confident Little will be able to go over 22 feet before the dual meet with Yale.

Then he signed with Salt Lake of the mountain league, also at big No. 2.

This year Carl was registered with the Shovelport club. But somehow—he doesn't know just how—he landed in El Paso, and here he is. But now Dutch is a shortstop and a good one. From his form he will ship no more potatoes and onions between seasons, that is unless he wants to.

Monday: Merritt.

Ball Season's Here Sure



The Venerable Excuse By WALT MASON

You say your grandma's dead, my lad, and you, bowed down with woe, to see her laid beneath the mold believe you ought to go; and so you ask a half day off, and you may have that same; alas, that grannies always die when there's a baseball game! Last spring, if I remember right, three grandmas died for you, and you bewailed the passing, then, of souls so warm and true; and then another grandma died—a tall and stately dame; the day they buried her there was a fourteen-inning game. And when the balmy breeze of June among the willows sighed, another grandma closed her eyes and tossed the Great Divide; they laid her gently to her rest beside the churchyard wall, the day we lammed the stuffing from the Rubes from Minneapolis. Go forth, my son, and mourn your dead, and shed the scalding tear, and lay a simple wreath upon your eighteenth grandma's bier; while you perform this solemn task I'll to the grandstand go, and watch our pennant winning team make soup-bones of the foe.

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Walt Mason

Excelsior Motorcycles Lead

Chicago, Jan. 27, 1910

EXCELSIOR SUPPLY CO.,
233 Randolph St., City.

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Very truly yours,

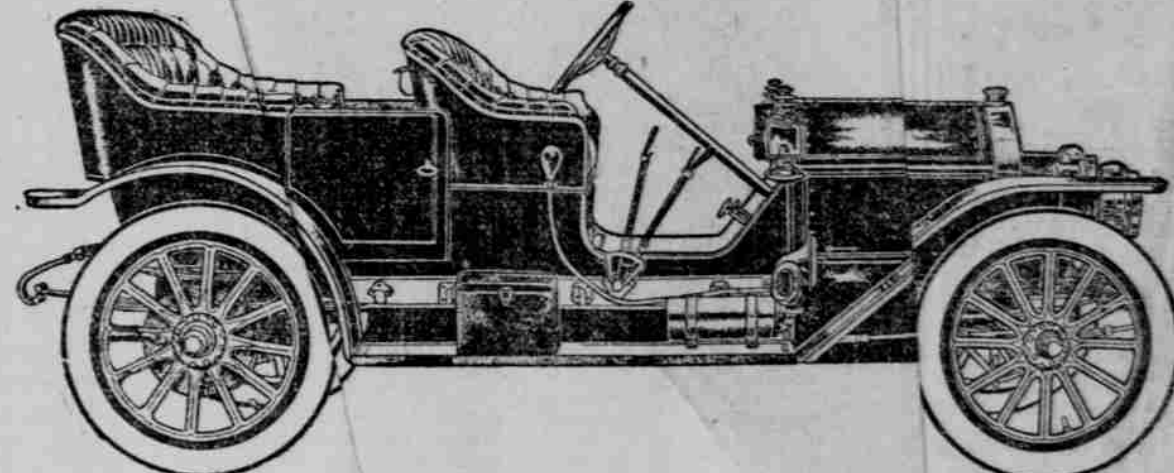
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